Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, MAY 14, 1914 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Tower Hill Letter

With the advent of spring comes the thought of summer and Tower Hill, and all that both promise.

To those who have been to Tower Hill this promise is one of pleasure and peace—pleasure in the enjoyment of living in woods and, also, in the contact with people imbued with a kindred and kindly spirit; peace because of the atmosphere and conditions which superinduce this state to both mind and body.

One who has lived in real woods needs no introduction to the charms and beauties of this diminutive "forest primeval," the home and "happy hunting-ground" of the birds and squirrels. As a substitute for the discordant and jarring reveille of milkman and janitor here you are aroused from a refreshing slumber by the dropping acorns and pattering feet of the squirrels as they ply their summer industry of storage of winter provender.

Then, could anything be more conducive to real rest than the comfortable and cozy cottages nestling, as it were, in the very tree tops? One never wearies of the wonderful and varying views of river and trees from these hill-top observatories.

Last, but not least, the creature comforts are dispensed from a generous garden and farm yard that knows not South Water street.

It seems as if Tower Hill, alone, had its "own excuse for being" in the wonderful sunsets that come as a benediction to a day of real living.

May 11, 1914. SEBA MOULTON.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 167

Trustees 169

THE PULPIT—

Why Go to Church on Sunday? II. The Hymn.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.....170

CONTRIBUTED—

A great Citizen—The Life of Gerrit Smith.—By Charles Edwin Perkins.....175

POETRY—

What Are We Here For?—James H. West.....167

When the Cannon Booms!—*William Herbert Carruth* 177

SELECTED—

Some Filipino Riddles.....175

THE FIELD—

Educational Progress in India.—*The Inquirer*.....178

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue,
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
Fred Welberry—Robt. H. Ramm
ALL OUR EGGS ARE SHIPPED DIRECT to us FROM THE COUNTRY
GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES
We Dress All Our Own Poultry
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Telephone, Drexel 115 Telephone, Auto 73-096
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1914. NUMBER 11

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

What are we here for, brothers mine,
Upon this Road of Life?
What mean for us the stars that shine,
The fields with beauty rife?
What power hath truth to stir our zeal?
What cry hath human need?
'Mid earth's conflicting woe and weal,
What voices should we heed?

What are we here for? Here to grow
In every grace divine!
The beauty of the world to know,
And in its beauty shine;
To follow truth wher'er it lies,
Through loneliness and scorn;
To hold earth's bounty equal prize
Of every child that's born.

What are we here for in this maze
Which no man yet hath solved?
Here to achieve the noblest days
Since first the sphere revolved!
Not ours to dull the soul with mirth,
Outdrowning human groan,
But ours to sublimate the earth
And bring to Man his own.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Common Good, published in Rochester, says there are eight thousand Poles living in that city, and it predicts that "some day another Chopin, or a Paderewski, another Sobieski or a Kosciusko will be found in their midst." Already, it says, the mothers of such possible men are living there and are training boys and girls to love the flag and to reach after the best things the United States have to offer.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* finds the most "triumphant agricultural venture in the world," not in the boasted United States but in Africa. The dry-land farming of central Tunis is said to shame the triumphs in that direction on the arid lands of America. The continent of opportunity for the twenty-first century, if not the latter part of the twentieth, will not be America but Africa. Unless the analogies of history prove deceitful the African is to have his innings in the fullness of time.

"Tainting the News" is the significant title of an editorial note in the *Public* for May 8. It calls attention to the vicious distortion of an item of news by an unauthorized and unfair title. What contributor to newspapers, or victim of the newspaper paragrapher has not suffered from the vicious head-line that poisons the mind of the reader and disturbs his vision before he arrives at the words of the author, which may be accurately quoted, but have already been set in a vitiating if not a vicious atmosphere, against which the unsuspecting reader is quite unable to defend himself.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, the mother of the Bill-board Temperance Campaign, is to be in attendance at the forthcoming "National Federation of Women's Clubs" to be held in Chicago next month, and is to have a line of her posters on exhibition. It is a reasonable expectation that the exhibit will attract large attention among the delegates, and we hope that it will enlist not a few of them in this very practical, effective and economic way of educating the public mind upon a subject concerning which even intelligent people are woefully ignorant, or criminally indifferent. Mrs. Tilton is to be the guest of the Abraham Lincoln Centre during her stay in Chicago, and we trust that she will find her visit to our city as pleasant as it undoubtedly will be profitable.

Under the title of "Novels with Vital Themes" the *Continent* for May 7 gives on one page an analysis of ten different novels, gleaned from the spring crop of fiction, that deserve to be considered under that caption. One book is characterized as being "a powerful plea for the larger life of woman." Another "gives in gruesome detail the tragedy that follows the money-mad women who try to keep up appearances." Another deals with "individual rights and privileges and sex domination." Still another novel tells the "story of a millionaire who lost his simplicity and power of enjoying life from the disease of great wealth." Another tells of the "rise of an unschooled peasant into power." The fifth novel portrays the experience of a Frenchman on his way to being an Englishman. A Russian author is commended for having "held a mirror up to life, reflecting its sordidness, bigotries and hypocrisies." "The problem of a wife with no adequate outlet for her energies" is the theme of the next novel. The ninth novel mentioned is a rescued manuscript from the pen of the late lamented Frank Norris, in which he portrays the "dangers of the adolescent period." The last novel mentioned concerns itself with the "Mother and daughter puzzle." All of this goes to prove that the novel is today not only the form

in which literary ambitions are moulded, but the pulpit from which and through which the vital preaching of the day is heard.

The "Anna T. Jeanes Foundation" is a generous sum of money set aside for the development of rural schools for negroes, in the south. This fund is fortunate in having for its administrator the gifted and progressive James H. Dillard, himself a child of the south, born and bred mid southern influences and institutions. His report of the first five years' work is before us. It shows that over $34,000 is being paid annually in salaries for supervising the industrial teaching among the colored rural schools of the south, representing in all a hundred and eighteen county supervisors working on an average salary of $333 per annum. The closing words of the president's record are timely and significant, coming as they do from one who is in daily contact with the vehement pessimism, as regards the colored race, exploited by a certain type of politician, a certain grade of editor, and certain antiquated guardians of social respectability in the south. Says Mr. Dillard:

> If America is to be a triumphant democracy, there must be a better apportionment of the money which we are spending for education. It is high time that we do more for the poor children of the rural backgrounds, whether white or colored. Of course, in the rural South, schoolhouses for the white children are better than the schoolhouses for the colored children, and more is being done for the improvement of schoolhouses for the white children; but, as I have said, the school authorities are beginning in many places to consider, at least to consider, the question of better buildings for the colored children. Now is the time when even small contributions can accomplish much.
>
> Looking over the South as a whole, I believe there are good prospects for better appropriations for the colored schools from the public funds. Educators and statesmen see that we cannot have health ourselves, that we cannot enjoy prosperity and develop our resources, and, more, that we cannot have an easy conscience unless we do our part in educating the great masses of the colored people of the South. The school officials, State and county, are constantly showing a more intelligent interest. Unfortunately a low grade of politics in many places still stands in the way. The need in the South is still great for bringing more and more to the front the better thought of our most intelligent and progressive people. This seems to me our chief southern problem of today. Politicians count relatively more with us than they do in other parts of the country. Public sentiment is more dependent upon the professional politician than it is upon other classes of public men, such as clergymen, educators and educated men of business. It is the politicians that have the louder hearing in the public press. We badly need more voices from the thinkers who are not politicians, and we need brave, wise, commanding voices from some politicians who are statesmen.

Monday last Chicago witnessed another newspaper wedding, which like all weddings must needs be celebrated with flowers. Congratulations and good wishes are in order. Like many other weddings, this one is the product of much tribulation, many disappointments and grim forebodings. The management of a metropolitan daily is not an easy task and the venture is not an assured money-maker. *The Chicago Record-Herald* and *The Inter Ocean* were each sold last week under the auctioneer's hammer and the brief financial revealment indicates that many hundred thousand dollars' worth of "stock" had gone up in smoke. There are hints of commercial tragedies which only the initiated can understand. It is to be hoped that the loss fell upon investors who intelligently made the venture and can stand the reverses. The Monday issue of the new combination bears the title *"The Chicago Record Herald* and *The Inter Ocean."* The very title is a section of a graveyard. The management frankly asks in clear headlines, "What shall the name be?" It offers this grim list to select from, everyone of which represents a dead newspaper with its buried hopes and financial disasters:

THE HERALD, THE RECORD, THE TIMES, THE INTER-OCEAN.

One does not have to be very old to remember all these papers in their prime and pride. The new management calls its readers to vote on the name preferred and to "write early because it will never do to be late with the christening, for when the name is chosen we will have a christening." Here is our vote. Let the dead bury the dead; let it be a new name indicating not only a new management, but a new ideal, a new journalistic dream. The plethoric newspaper, the disgustingly fat Sunday issue, the extravagant pretentions, the reckless exaggerations, the screaming headlines, the false assumption that the people are clamoring for sensation, the yellow journalism that has a nose for scandal and a thirst for gore, let all of these go. Let there be a new name to a new paper, which will be modest in its pretentions, intelligent in its search for the hopeful phases of life, rejoicing in the triumphs of men more than in their disgraces, allying itself to the forces of sobriety rather than of dissipation. We trust that it will at least perpetuate the most significant recent achievement of Chicago journalism, the action of the *Record Herald,* which lengthened the distance between the counting room and the editorial room by cutting out the vicious advertisements of the pernicious industries of distillery, brewery and saloon. Give us a clean paper devoted to all the constructive forces in the community; not a nerveless, *non*-partisan, *non*-sectarian, but an inspired *pan*-partisan and *pan*-sectarian, freely exploiting all the excellencies in all parties and in all churches. Let it be not only independent in name but in fact, giving the independent in politics an equal show with the partisan. Let it promote the noble army of scratchers, the increase of which is the hope of the country. Let it take for its motto Angelo's great cannon of criticism: *"I criticize by creation!"*

Let it be called either *The Chicago Guide, The Chicago Helper,* or *The Chicago Leader.* And these names could be improved by eliminating the "Chicago." All of which is respectfully submitted!

Trustees

"Hart, Schaffner & Marx" is the title of a great clothing factory interest, perhaps the largest in the world. Certainly it is an industry that has assumed terrible or sublime proportions in the city of Chicago,—which adjective we shall use depends upon the sociological estimate of the work. Here is a needle industry that holds the lives of seven thousand employes in its grip. It decides not only their physical welfare, but presides over homes into which children are being born, there to be moulded by surroundings, trained by schools and institutions with high possibilities of democracy, or to live neglected in unsanitary houses and amid unsavory influences.

If the management of this great city of laborers, this vast industrial colony, or creating state, is sordid, and if it deems its "business" simply a great machine with seven thousand human cogs in its wheels, to be manipulated in such a way as to realize the biggest "profit" on the "investment;" and that it is its first business to keep the cogs in such order as to serve the machine most efficiently, or to use the more technical terms of the "trade," to buy the commodity "Labor" in the same way they buy their cheviots, serges, tweeds, broadcloths, linings, buttons and thread,—contracting for them in such quantities and at such times and using them in such ways as will enable them to buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest market,—their power is ominous, so terrible in its consequences that it scares the intelligent. The poet stands aghast at the spectacle and the prophet is profoundly moved as he sees the awful possibilities for evil.

But if the management becomes conscious that it has a necessary part to play in the development of life, in contributing to civilization, in shaping the destinies, not only of the individuals in their employ, but of the families, homes, the city and the nation, that makes their vast industry possible; if they realize that the dollars they *"make"* are incidental to the garments that they *do not make,* but which are made by the nimble fingers, trained eyes and creative minds which are behind the "Hands" whom they hire and "pay" for with their weekly checks; if they see that these "Hands" are not cogs in the wheel of a machine but are primarily living, changing, growing souls that bring an increasing degree of intelligence, enthusiasm, pride and constantly increasing skill to their work; and that they are indispensable partners in the business, joint creators of clothing; and that they are members in a joint stock company for the purpose of clothing the naked, not only protecting the uncounted millions from the weather, enabling humanity to push its representatives into the frigid zone, successfully combatting the snow and ice, wind and rain, but are, as the advertisement says, artists democratizing men by standardizing dress, setting the *style* that gives grace and beauty in connection with strength and utility to the men in overalls as well as the men in dress suits,—then their business becomes sublime. The directors of such vast creative forces, in becoming successful business men, can become in a very profound scientific, as well as religious sense, coworkers with God, creators, in an unfinished universe, factors in the evolution of a world that is still in the making.

Then the manufacturers become mens-facturers because their product is not simply hand-made, as the first word implies, but mind-made, as the new word would imply.

"Hart, Schaffner & Marx" have had their labor troubles. A grim battle where there were four thousand workmen, workwomen and work-children starving, on the one side, and a few men losing their profits and menaced with financial disaster, on the other, in a fight lasting for six months, is still fresh in the memory of many of the citizens of Chicago, a memory that to the sensitive and intelligent is ghastly, like all war memories. But that war came to a settlement that seems to make further conflict in that great industrial commonwealth impossible, for a system of joint consultations, investigations, arbitrations has been adopted, and an industrial court of appeals has been established, which secure the peace and honor due both employers and employes.

The results of this plan, as of all pacific methods, are undemonstrative, they are for the most part unseen by the public eye, but are far-reaching and beneficent.

This great industry was affected by the tariff revision. Perhaps its importation of European cloths has been increased and the distinction between foreign and American weave has become of less significance, but the compact between Labor and Capital, working towards the pacification of the industrial world, has affected much more profoundly their importation of human souls, upon which their industry is far more dependent than upon the importation of cloths. Of their seven thousand employes perhaps ninety per cent have crossed the seas or are the children of foreign born parents. The special weave of the Scotch tweeds is a trifle not to be mentioned when we think of the more subtle weaving of the thoughts, the brain fabrics, the spiritual textures of the workers lured from the dogmatic grip of tyrannical Russia. They will make stylish suits of the tweeds, but they *may* make voters, aye, artists and orators, homemakers and taxpayers out of the Russian importations.

All this is suggested by a single sentence which we clipped from a current newspaper, credited to Mr. Schaffner, a highly educated and public spirited mem-

ber of the firm: *"I believe the officers are trustees of the interests of all connected with the institution."* This clipping says:

The labor papers of the country welcome this statement. They see in this broad-minded utterance of a large employer of labor proof that a new era in the relationship between capital and labor is at hand, an era in which the human factor in industry will be taken more and more into consideration.

Not only labor people but every citizen who has the peace and welfare of the country at heart will find in this broad liberalism of certain employers relief from the gloom which such stubbornly contested strikes as those of West Virginia, Michigan and Colorado have thrown over the nation.

TRUSTEESHIP, is a far-reaching word. In the past, in the commercial world, the word has meant the administration of *things,* the management of dollars, the promotion of business, the result of which was determined by the balance sheets at the end of the year. But the new interpretation of "trusteeship" involves a responsibility not simply to the stock-holders, but to those other members more important and far more directly connected with the well-being of the firm, the living souls, not simply "hands," but operators of hands—*makers.* They are trustees to the community, trustees to posterity. They hold in their hands the destiny of the unborn. They are trustees to God, the infinite source of the bounties that came to them from the vast past and are passing through them to a vaster future. The "self-made man" has no standing in modern thought, and he who thinks he is self-made or flaunts the fortune he has *"made"* and boasts of the dollars that are his because he *made them,* is self convicted not only of conceit but of ignorance. He reveals his stupidity,

Where did he get his better woven brain, finer spun nerves, even his more capacious and better organized belly? Where did he get his title to the brains of the railroad makers, or the corn growing soil of the Mississippi Valley, or the wheel turning power of the rivers themselves? In proportion as he is "blessed" with the use or control of these forces within and without, in that proportion is he trustee of a vast corporation.

A trusteeship involves a trust. When one administers this trust for the benefit of the parties concerned, of all the investors, he is indeed blessed. In proportion as he misuses or greedily withdraws from the working capital of the world his only half-earned increment of the past, he is accursed. In the long run, in the last analysis, the blessing of the one, the cursing of the other, is as inevitable as the tides and as inexorable as gravitation.

Why should we view our intellect with diffidence or look upon the finding of truth as dangerous? Is it the part of wisdom to keep the bandage on our eyes and wear chains upon our limbs?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE PULPIT

Why Go to Church on Sunday?

Or the Helpful Elements in the Social Sanctuary

A Series of Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

II.

The Hymn

April 26, 1914

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

May thy peace come, Father, into our lives, and into the life of this nation. May it come in the only way that Thou dost give thy benedictions, through our trust in Thee and the eternal right, by our loyalty to the behests of a love that is just. Father, reveal to us the weakness and wickedness of trusting in the strength of human armaments, resorting to the brutality of violence, and seeking to advance thy kingdom by destroying thy children. We pray for our distracted country! Help us by word and deed, by voice and vote to promote that faith in thee and in truth, which will beat back the tides of passion, subdue the turbulent hearts of men, calm the feverish appeals to violence. Father, save us from the intoxications of barbarism. Save us from the unholy lust that looks upon life with indifference and takes the same with impunity. We pray for the calmer judgment, for the wiser action, for the longer view. We would worship with clean hearts and clean hands,—the infinite power of love and mercy. Amen.

SERMON.

On these five successive Sundays we are searching for the elements of power in the Sunday service,—in any Sunday service, in all Sunday services, whether Catholic, Protestant, heterodox, orthodox, Christian, Jew or Mohammedan. Last Sunday I tried to enforce the great cultural value that comes from a lifelong habit of church attendance, viewed simply as an introduction to a noble literature, through the weekly reading from that great classic of Jew and Christian, which we call "the Bible." Through such readings there came to our fore-elders a grasp of human history, an intelligence concerning the forces of history, a familiarity with the great orators of history, a political and ethical insight gathered from contact with the great prophets of history, without which succeeding generations, which have possessed a degree of intelligence and inspiration, would have remained ignorant and stolid.

I would like this morning to help you to realize the cultural possibilities in the hymn service. There is no form of literature more neglected from an educational standpoint than the hymn. It is too often regarded as the last resort of old age, as a resource, when all other resources fail in the sick chamber, something nice for children to memorize, and an innocent consolation and amusement for old ladies. Tested by the severest literary standards and canons of art, whether by the analysis of the college or the synthesis of experience, the hymn occupies a large, honorable and unfailing place in literature. One who has no favorite hymns is to be pitied. The home that is reared without a hymn-book misses one of the sweet, inspiring, refining helps to noble living. Hymns represent a type of

poetry hard to achieve, when achieved it becomes a most lasting element in literature. No dramas in English literature, Shakespeare's included, have had so great penetrating power, have touched so many lives with inspiration and comfort, as some of the great hymns of the ages. What poet of the nineteenth century would not have exchanged his epics or his dramas for the privilege of having written "Lead, Kindly Light," or "Nearer My God to Thee?" If his aspirations were for a permanent place in the affections of the world and a permanent influence upon mankind, he would be sure of his position. The hymn represents a vast as well as high literature. Hymnology is a field that calls for years of highly specialized study if one would worthily compass it.

A standard dictionary of hymnology, compiled in England, contains over 600 closely printed, double column pages, and gives an account of 30,000 different hymns from the pens of five thousand different authors and translators, and the editor estimates that this is less than ten per cent of the great mass of English hymns. W. T. Stead, in a little book I shall refer to presently, estimates that "Hynms Ancient and Modern," which is the title of the standard hymn-book of the Church of England, has had an average sale of over one million copies a year, for the thirty-five years preceding 1897,—three thousand books per day.

Methodism, to the scholar, represents a social, economic and political reformation far more profound and far reaching than religious. If you want to grasp Methodism you must read certain chapters of Green's England and similar interpretations of English history. I think it is within bounds to say that not the aggressive John Wesley, the "Father of Methodism," but the more gentle and less famous Charles Wesley, supplied the force which bound together the incoherent elements in English life, reaching from the unenlightened and coarse carter to "My Lady" and members of the House of Lords. It was the hymns of Charles Wesley, not the sermons of John Wesley, great as were the latter and persistent as was his preaching, that did most to revolutionize the social and economic life of England.

— The study of hymns is the study of a high field in literature, and of course a great field in religion. Henry Ward Beecher was wont to say that there was no heresy in the hymn-book; how true. Those who have been excluded from pulpits and conventions, who still have no welcome in many religious conferences for theological reasons have been gladly admitted into the hymn-book of all sects and creeds. Suspected heretics find their words sung with unction in thousands upon thousands of churches whose doors would swing in their faces.

Lastly, a study in hymns is a great study in democracy. The hymn, as we define it, reaches its climax in Protestantism. The Catholic Church has given us a few great hymns that have come down through the ages and have become the common property of Christendom. These are the great asset of all churches. It is true, however, that the hymns of the Catholic Church are largely chants and are entrusted to priestly hands; congregational singing, as an element of power, is scarcely known within the gates of the Roman or Greek churches. It is Protestantism that has put religion into the vernacular of the common people and taught them to sing together the Praises of God and the Brotherhood of man. Democracy has been served by the inspiration of congregational singing. This is why we come upon the paradox revealed in all hymn-books, namely, that the singers have been the liberal men of their day, the open minded men. Freer America has immeasurably enriched the hymn and tune books of Europe today.

An interesting study is found in "The Treasury of American Sacred Song," by Harder, a learned professor in Oxford, an authority in literature. He has gleaned the field in such a sympathetic way as to persuade himself and his readers that there is, in American poetry, a quality of democracy and devoutness that is missing in the productions of the great literary masters in England. Into this book he has gathered sacred songs from a hundred and seventy-six American authors. Twenty-seven out of the one hundred and seventy-six are confessedly associated more or less closely with the Unitarian denomination. Fifty-two more of them have some affiliations with liberal thought in religion. This Oxford man then has gleaned the American field for religious song-lierature and found pretty nearly half of his lore in liberal fields,—fields which, numerically speaking, represent a negligible quantity compared with the great mass of Protestant worshippers in the United States,—not to reckon the Catholic constituency.

If I had the courage of my convictions instead of preaching a sermon about hymns today I would give you a reading of hymns, for the best interpretation of the hymn writer is the hymn, and nothing can take the place of the text. But I have not quite the courage to simply give you a reading of hymns for a Sunday morning sermon, though I wish much that I could interest you in a course of study in this most attractive department of literature in the same way that I have from time to time interested you in the great masters of poetry, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning and the rest. Today as time and skill permit I desire to emphasize three points and illustrate the same.

1. Hymns represent a valuable department of literature, a permanent element in poetry, a precious gift of culture.

2. Hymns interpret religion in its profoundest phases. Skepticism, dogmatism, schism and suspicion fade away in this realm. The hymn undermines our dogmatism, laughs at heresy trials and defies exclusions, councils cannot keep the psalmists out.

3. The hymn is a great democratic bond of union in the face of the many disintegrating, separating and controversial forces of today. Lines between races, classes and creeds are forgotten when people sing together.

And now to recapitulate:

In the hymn we find a great and valuable kind of literature, a high expression of poetry, and a unifying and reconciling interpretation of religion.

In the hymn we find a great bond of fellowship, a democratic power which overcomes many of the obstacles to unity that now seem insuperable.

Here is a little book prepared for use in Sunday Schools in England—they do much more serious work along such lines there than we do here—by our friend V. D. Davis, called "Twelve Hymns and Their Writers." It contains an attractive sketch of the author in each instance and such interpretative matter

as will enable an intelligent teacher to take a bright class of boys and girls, say from the sixth grade up, through a delightful course of hymn study. These twelve hymns have been selected for their great power, determined by two tests, their literary merit discovered by analysis and their synthetic success as revealed in the experience of mankind.

The first hymn is from the great master of poetry, John Milton. It represents the inspirations of untrained childhood, being the product of a fifteen-year-old boy in an attempt to render into meter the great Hebrew Psalm, number cxxxvi.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

This hymn the editor tells us is found in the hymn-books of all the creeds in England.

Milton was a radical, more of a Unitarian than a Trinitarian, equally well known and revered by both. The author of the second hymn was a conservative royalist, who took the side of the king in the great confusion that followed Cromwell's time, Bishop Ken:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run.

A great morning hymn, which, if you have been well reared, you ought to know and love.

Next to this conservative Episcopalian we find the great "come-outer" and Protestant, Isaac Watts:

Our God, our help in ages past,

We sung it this morning at the opening of our service.

Then comes Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, with his great hymn of consecration:

God of Jesus! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with his holy mind.

I hope some of you are able to complete the hymn out of your memories without further reading.

Next we find the gentlest, most pathetic child of English poets, poor dear William Cowper, haunted with great misgivings, burdened with great sensitiveness of soul, driven at times by his conscience clear over the line of sanity. During one of his periods of retirement he wrote this profound hymn which touches the deep places in your life and mine. It was a sick soul's effort to avoid the temptations to suicide:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

And here is the great stanza that must have helped thousands of other preachers in their intellectual perplexities as it has helped me:

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

The next hymn comes from the great French "social worker," as we would call him today, the man who anticipated all the settlements, and ante-dated John Ruskin and Arnold Toynbee—Jean Frederic Oberlin, lover of the poor:

O Lord! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

From Oberlin, the devout French social worker, we come to John Johns, the head for many years of a large democratic mission in Liverpool, a devoted Unitarian worker for and with the poor. He sings:

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Three times does our author, in selecting the twelve great hymns for English school children, cross the sea. Samuel Longfellow gives his—

O life that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

Alice Cary offers her

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

There are two more stanzas of that infectious kind. The thing sings itself. I am reminded in reading these hymns of my own oft repeated saying that there are other things that are catching besides smallpox and measles.

The third American hymn comes from the Quaker poet, Whittier:

Who calls thy glorious service hard,
Who deem it not its own reward.

Mr. Davis closes the collection with the classic Christmas carol of the nineteenth century, which could not be kept out of any adequate hymn-book. An omission of it would be a culpable violation of the demands of culture as well as religion:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart and kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

I have another little book I would like to tell you about. An old friend of mine, Nicholas Smith, a hard working editor, was chorister in a neighboring Methodist Church while I preached in Janesville forty years ago. In later years he fell on weariness and sickness, but he helped himself out of the world cheerfully and sweetly by compiling the "Songs from the Hearts of Women." Here are two hundred songs gathered from the pens of fifty-five women authors. Eight of them, or over fourteen per cent, are well known Unitarian women, but when congregations sing these hymns they do not sing Unitarianism, they sing the *unity* that is the root word of Unitarianism, and which is conquering the world. Here are the old familiars, the dear ones! I stop only to mention some of those you will most promptly recognize.

Perhaps the greatest thing in the way of a hymn ever achieved in America by man or woman is Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," born out of the inspiration of a sleepless night and a turbulent time. The story is here told at some length of Sarah Flower Adams, a sensitive, frail woman, the author of "Nearer, my God to Thee." She was a playmate of Robert Browning, though some seven years his senior, and she waited for the rising of his star. She was a member of the congregation of William J. Fox, an eminent radical preacher of his day. This hymn was born out of the needs of his London congregation, which was too radical to be tolerated even by many of his Unitarian neighbors. And yet here is the hymn of this radical singer published in all the hymn-books, probably the most popular sacred song of the ninetenth century. Said I not well that in the hymn we find the bond of democracy and the interpretation of religion that outreaches all creeds? These fifty-five different authors reach from Madame Guyon of the Catholic Church down to the radical Unitarian author of "Nearer my God to Thee."

Among these hymns we come upon—

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

by Frances Havergal. In her life of forty years she enriched the hymn-books of England and America. Twenty-five of her hymns have found, Mr. Smith says, a permanent place in all the hymn-books.

Here is the Welsh Anna Waring, who gave us "In Heavenly Love Abiding," and this other one we love to sing,

Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me.

And here is one from Eliza Scudder, kinswoman of Horace Scudder, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, boundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall;
O Love of God most free!

Helen Maria Williams was English born and French reared, her life was entangled in the most stormy times of France, but she escaped from the fever of hate and conflict to give us out of her Unitarian heart one of the noblest contributions to any hymn-book:

While Thee I seek, protecting power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

* * * * *

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on Thee.

"Nearer my God to Thee" is the fitting climax of this rich collection of poetry offered by the women of Protestantism. Women may have failed in winning a permanent place among the dramatists of the world—I can think of no great epic from the pen of a woman—but one might think of a hundred great hymns from the pens of women which would easily establish them in the aristocracy of brains, the select circle of the noble and the gifted Comfort Givers, consolers, peace-makers of the world. They belong to a blessed hierarchy.

Here is another little book I wish you all possessed. My own copy is much marked and criss-crossed. It was compiled by the tireless, and now that he has gone, we know, the sainted W. T. Stead. That great ocean steamer which sank with its freight of culture, refinement, wealth and influence took with it to the bottom of the sea no life more generous, more consecrated to high things, more intimate with the sanctities of life than that of William T. Stead. Between the cracks of a marvelously busy life he compiled this charming little book of "Hymns that have Helped." Not selected by his own judgment alone, but by a wide correspondence, soliciting the votes of men and women whom England and America honor. This collection reaches from that great hymn of the Roman Catholic Church called the greatest Christian hymn ever written, the *"Dies Irae,"* "The Day of Wrath," which Goethe and Sir Walter Scott translated, and which is said to have been worked into a hundred and sixty different English translations and ninety different German translations. Archbishop Trench said of it, "It holds a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song." This mighty hymn borrows the majesty of the Old Testament, singing it into the somber but sublime conceptions of the Catholic Church. Study it, not for its theology, but for its sublime imagery. Here is from one translation:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

Another translation:

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth!
When from heaven the judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

We come down the cycle of these "Hymns that have Helped" through a charming range of poetry, finding abundant testimony to the claim that the hymn is oftentimes a great contribution to literature. If I could give but one illustration of the hymn as literature, I would offer John Stuart Blackie's

"Angels Holy, High and Lowly."

of which Richard A. Armstrong, an eminent Unitarian minister of Liverpool, says, "For many years I always ask my congregation to sing this hymn on the first Sunday after my vacation which I generally spend in the hills and mountains of Scotland or Norway." Mark the mighty grasp of the facts of science, geology, astronomy, in earth and sea and sky revealed in this great hymn of nature:

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of Thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord.

* * * *

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and seaman,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

This is good poetry, it is good science as well as high religious feeling.

But my time has gone. I cannot do more than commend to you this little book of Stead's on "Hymns that have Helped," rich in illustrations and the testimonies of men high in the confidence of their day and generation.

At last I take up our own newly acquired "Unity Hymns and Chorals," of which I believe a hundred and eighty copies or more have found places in the homes of this parish. I may be disappointed, for the distractions of the time in which we live are many, but my hope and dream is that in the homes where children are, there is still left enough of the culture that loves hymns to insure the training of them to know and love many of these so well that when the struggle and strain of life comes, the words will stay with them, or come back to them, not simply in their own power but with added potency because they are the hymns that mother taught them. Richer still will be the legacy if the children remember them as the hymns that father and mother sang together on Sunday afternoons, in the absence of distractions. Many pioneers in times past, when religious privileges were meager and no altar within reach at which they were welcome, have with the old hymns of their fathers and mothers stimulated their own devotions and helped to refine thousands of children, who now live to bear testimony to the power of the hymns that mother loved and father sang.

In this little hymn-book we have three hundred and thirty-five hymns. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a great collection of high poetry, quite aside from its use in the services of our church. Indeed the criticism is made that it is *too* classic, that it has been gathered with too careful a hand. In this book is that which will make it a noble fireside companion. It is full of bed room and sick room comfort. It contains morning inspiration and evening rest! Here are about one hundred different authors, and ten hymns that have escaped the author's name. Twelve of them have come from our dear Mr. Gannett, seventeen from our great hymnist, Samuel Longfellow, fifteen from John Chadwick, twenty-five are by Whittier, and thirty-three by our psalmist Frederick L. Hosmer.

I simply want to give you the catch lines of some of these hymns which are now in your pews, and I trust in your homes. Longfellow represents our thought of the church in his

One Holy Church of God Appears.

Chadwick's words have brought consolation to thousands:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

All of us love to sing Gannett's words:

Bring, O morn, thy music!
Night thy starlit silence!

We have poetry and creed, theology and philosophy all bound together in Hosmer's splendid hymn:

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

And here is Whittier's great hymn among many great hymns:

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

* * * *

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not how to close this talk. How these hymns reach down into life's profound! Not only in the Catholic Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," or Blackie's Hymn of Nature, but in Charles Wesley's tender

"Love Divine, all love excelling,"

and Walford's

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

The hard lines between Trinitarian and Unitarian which led John Calvin to burn Servetus and brought a procession of martyrs, are reconciled and overlooked in the great hymn of Sir John Bowring, the Unitarian, which the orthodox churches have been glad to appropriate:

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sankey was the most orthodox of singers, yet Bradlaugh, the great radical, wanted all the socialists and secularists to sing at their meetings his hymn

Work for the night is coming!

But the hymn is only half a hymn when read. The hymn is a full hymn only when wedded to successful music, and any student of hymns must always recall the great triumphs of the tune maker. I am sorry for those of you who have a prejudice against the hymn-book, all hymn-books, because they are so deeply enmeshed in certain ecclesiastical forms and myths that you have discarded. Believe me the hymn-book is a great source of culture, a mighty depository of inspiration. The Sunday service, if it does nothing else than invite you to sing together a few of these great classics of the spirit, does much for you. The time will come when you will look back and count these hymn treasures among the precious assets of your spirit.

Let us learn to sing together that we may better work together. Let us find communion in the great psalm makers, that we may find our place more fittingly among the great workers, doers and helpers of the world.

Sweeten us, Father, with the holy songs of Zion, which teach love, which consecrate lives, and are dedicated to virtue. Amen.

Some Filipino Riddles

When a young Filipino calls upon his sweetheart he often entertains her by asking riddles. A number of these riddles have been collected and published by Frederick Starr in a series of Philippine studies. You may enjoy passing some of them on to your friends:

At night they come without being fetched, and by day they are lost without being stolen. The stars.

Come up and let us go, go down, and here we stay. Anchor.

Here he comes with glowing charcoal on his head. Rooster.

I saw two boats. Only one person was aboard. Shoes.

A slender tree which bears only one leaf. A lighted candle.

"Here, here!" he says, but has no mouth. Forefinger.

There is a small brook filled with shells. Mouth.

The letter C become O, O become C. The moon.

A sweet lady among thorns. Pineapple.

—*The Continent.*

We may console the sorrows which destiny brings by choosing as many pleasures as we can partake of without repletion or injury to others.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

ATTITUDE OF THE CONSTITUTION ON SLAVERY, AS VIEWED BY WESTERN LIBERTY MEN. SALMON P. CHASE.

The Liberty Party, organized in 1840, essayed a bold departure from the uniform practice of both Whig and Democratic parties with regard to the matter of moral questions. The new anti-slavery organization's avowal of principles and objects had all the moral directness of a chapter out of the Gospels. It offered human-minded citizens an opportunity to register a political vote and support a political program in accordance with conscience.

The new party was hardly on its feet, however, before a divergence of view with regard to the standing of slavery under the Federal Constitution became apparent within it. Gerrit Smith and eastern Liberty men in general held firmly to the doctrine that slavery had no standing under the Constitution. It had had no standing in the states in which slaves were held before the adoption of the Constitution, Mr. Smith and others argued, and the Constitution made no provision for its recognition. It was therefore everywhere an outlaw, existing in defiance, not only of natural law and morality, but of the highest law of the land.

Others, however, and they were mainly among western adherents of the Liberty Party, were less confident in their interpretation of the Constitution as an instrument prohibitive of even state protection of slavery. Prominent among the statesmen who, while as strongly opposed to slavery on moral grounds as Mr. Smith and the eastern Liberty men, yet admitted the legality of its existence in places in which it had been established by municipal law, was Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. He had joined the new party with enthusiastic ardor. The talents of the young Ohio statesman had already gained recognition, and he was regarded by many as one of the men who was certain to take a leading part in public life at no distant future. Two letters from him to Mr. Smith give so clear and explicit a statement of the variations of opinion within the anti-slavery party, that we reproduce them. Incidentally the letters reveal the fine temper of mind of their writer.

Cincinnati, May 14, 1842.

Gerrit Smith, Esquire,
Peterboro, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Our mutual friend, Mr. Birney, when here a few days since, desired me to write you for the purpose of acquainting you with the views and purposes of the Liberty men in this quarter, as to which, he seemed to think, some misapprehension existed in the Eastern States. In complying with his request, I feel not only a pleasure in fulfilling his wishes, but an additional gratification in opening a friendly correspondence with one whose character I have been long accustomed to admire. And let me say, at the commencement, that whatever slight differences of opinion may exist between some of us and our Eastern friends, we have never wavered for a moment in our full confidence in their integrity of purpose, and have ever been disposed to let them choose their own mode of setting forward the great work in which we are all engaged; believing that time

and experience will show what plans are wisest and what modes of action are most efficient.

Let me say another thing; there is not the slightest danger that the Liberty men of Ohio will fall back either into the Whig or Democratic parties, so long as those parties continue to manifest that disregard of the principles of liberty which now characterizes them. So long as Mr. Botts or Mr. Preston is just as good a Whig as Mr. Adams or Mr. Slade—so long as Mr. Rhett or Mr. Calhoun is just as good a Democrat as Mr. Bryant or Mr. Parmenter, it is impossible that the Liberty men should unite with either Whigs or Democrats. We shall be glad when all Whigs and Democrats become Liberty men—but Mahomet must come to the mountain, the mountain cannot possibly go to Mahomet; for the mountain is planted by the Almighty and stands fast forever, while Mahomet is the creature of a day and changes to suit the changes of the times.

At the same time, while we maintain a steadfast adherence to our principles, we think it not advisable to incur any unnecessary odium. Enough of odium necessarily attaches itself to a bold and fearless avowal of Liberty principles and to the separation from the old political parties which this avowal involves. It is useless to enhance this feeling against us by taking any position of a doubtful sort. To come to particulars.

We are aware that a cry is made against the union of Church and State, and most of us, in fact, believe that political bodies have nothing to do with ecclesiastical organizations. To avoid giving any occasion to this cry and to prevent useless divisions among ourselves, our political convention carefully refrained from any expression whatever in relation to church government and discipline. We prefer to leave this matter to ecclesiastical action and to the efforts of individuals and associations operating, not through the ballot box, but through the pen, the press and the tongue; by precept and by example. We shall rejoice to see the church purified and the public sentiment renovated; but we fear that the agency of political conventions in the work of reforming the churches is not the right agency.

Again, a great deal of jealousy is expressed and felt by Southern men (and Northern men share the prejudice created by it) of interference with their domestic affairs by the people of other States. It is said that the abolition agitation has put back the period of emancipation in Kentucky many years, because the people of Kentucky will not suffer themselves to be dictated to by strangers. Now, I do not, for one, believe that emancipation has been at all retarded by the action of anti-slavery societies—but on the contrary, I believe that it is hastened by such action; but I know that the allegation against us of an intention to interfere with slavery in the States, by the exercise of physical or political power, prejudices against us many worthy and sensible people, who think that the Constitution authorizes no such interference. We are ourselves almost unanimous in this opinion. We think, therefore, that it is unwise, by any part of our political action, to afford occasion for such a charge against us. We prefer to let the burden of devising the best mode and of reducing to practice the best mode of negro emancipation in the slave States, rest upon those States. We believe that if the general government can be made to act right and set an example in favor of liberty, there are several slave States which would hasten to follow it, and that the example of them would speedily be followed by the rest. We prefer, therefore, to direct all the energies of our political action against the unconstitutional encroachments of the slave power and against slavery itself, wherever it may exist without constitutional sanction.

Standing on this ground and directing our energies to these objects, we obtain the co-operation of many who are not prepared to go beyond, and who, nevertheless, will go for amendments to the Constitution, in case it shall be found impossible to deliver the country from the manifold evils which result from slavery without such amendments.

When I say we are against slavery wherever it exists without constitutional warrant, I mean that we are against slavery in the District of Columbia, in Florida and on the seas; in short, we hold that no man can be constitutionally held as property in this country except in a State where the local Constitution maintains slaves. Our argument is this:

The Constitution of the Union does not give any sanction to the idea of property in man. For this we have the authority of Mr. Madison. The framers of the Constitution did not design that slavery should extend beyond the limits of the then slave states. For this we have the concurrent testimony of the writers of the period of the Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the territory northwest of Ohio, adopted and promulgated almost contemporaneously with the Constitution. Slavery is against common law and natural rights and can exist only by virtue of the municipal law of a State. For this we have the authority of almost all the Supreme Courts of the Union, of slave States as well as free. If, then, these propositions be admitted, it must be conceded that slavery, except within some slave States, can have no legal or constitutional existence in this country. In the District, therefore, and in Florida and upon the seas beyond State limits, slavery cannot exist by constitutional law.

We claim, therefore, to stand upon the Constitution; we desire to carry it out in full application; to restore to practical efficacy and life the great principles of liberty on which it is based. We are unwilling to be responsible for the larger continuance of slavery in virtue of unconstitutional legislation by our own representatives.

We find that these views find ready access to the minds of thousands—many of whom are averse to identifying themselves with abolitionists in name. We believe that the adoption of these views and practical action accordingly will accomplish the great object of the Liberty party, and that a man who adopts and acts upon them and severs himself from the slavery parties is a good Liberty man. We are not anxious that he should take upon himself any other name than that of Liberty man, or that he should unite, unless he pleases, in other modes of anti-slavery action.

You will see from the foregoing paragraphs how far we are from compromising any principle, and that we desire only to make the ground of the Liberty party broad enough and large enough to sustain the great host which must, with infinite diversities of sentiment among themselves, co-operate in the re-establishment of impartial and constitutional liberty.

I trust that you will weigh the observations I have submitted to you with care and candor and give me the benefit of your reflections upon them. Are not these views worthy of being adopted everywhere and would not their adoption rapidly augment the number of Liberty votes, and mightily advance the great cause of liberty and equal rights ? And would not action upon them accomplish all that the most sanguine abolitionist can reasonably hope from the action of a political party?

Very truly and sincerely yours,

S. P. Chase.

In August, 1843, the Liberty Party assembled in convention at Buffalo, adopted a platform of principles. It contained no reference to the attitude of religious bodies on the question of salvery, a tempting subject with men of anti-slavery convictions, so far deferring to the views of the Ohio Liberty men as explained in Mr. Chase's letter. But it went beyond the grounds deemed by him expedient, in placing itself squarely before the people as a party whose "first decided effort must be directed against slave-holding as the grossest and most revolting manifestation of despotism," thus practically cutting itself off from any following save of decided abolitionists.

It was a very noble platform, embodying pure principles of liberty and equality of rights, and appealing to the "moral laws of the Creator as paramount to all human laws." The hand of Gerrit Smith is very clearly to be distinguished in its sharply defined refusal to recognize any law for the surrender of a fugitive slave.

The convention placed in nomination James G. Birney for President and Thomas Morris for Vice-President, both pronounced abolitionists. The latter, as United States Senator from Ohio, in the years of the Atherton Gag, was a favorite medium through whom anti-slavery petitions were presented in the Senate. Speaking in the Senate, February 7, 1839, in opposition to Henry Clay's protest against agitating the question of slavery, Morris boldly declared it as his

conviction that the negroes would yet be free, warning the nation, at the same time, that the doom of ancient Nineveh impended over it, and would surely descend upon it, unless, like Nineveh, it should repent. This speech cost him re-election in the Senate.

Like so many anti-slavery men, Thomas Morris was an all-round reformer. He was an anti-monopolist, an opponent of class legislation, and an advocate of suppression of the liquor traffice. Among the bad laws which he labored to remedy was the statute authorizing imprisonment for debt. Mr. Morris died suddenly about a month after the election. The Birney and Morris ticket received 62,140 votes.

Radical members of the Liberty Party, alive to the many moral questions of the time, became increasingly insistent in the matter of embodying them, one and all, in the declared purposes of the party. This drew from Mr. Chase a second letter to Mr. Smith, wise and statesmanlike in its views:

Buffalo, July 31, 1845.

My Dear Sir:

It was among my most cherished wishes on coming into the State a few days ago that I should see you at Peterboro, face to face, but the health of my dear wife, to benefit which was the primary object of our journey, has become so very precarious that we are under the necessity of retracing our steps. We shall leave this place this evening for Cleveland.

While bidding adieu to the State of New York I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying a few words to you by letter, since it is impossible that we may meet.

I send by this mail to your address two pamphlets, one containing the address of the Cincinnati convention and the letter of Burritt; the other containing an account of a case of considerable interest in a legal and anti-slavery view, and some proceedings growing out of it, in which I had a personal, and I may add, a very pleasant interest; for I would rather possess the smallest evidence of regard from the oppressed and the injured than a gemmed ring from the Emperor Nicholas.

I hope the address will meet your views. It was not my object in drawing it, nor that of the convention in sending it forth, to express any one's individual opinions fully, but to mark out a common ground on which all who are willing to "act against slavery by speech, by the pen, by the press and by the ballot" may find ample range for their activities—ground, too, which it was supposed all true Liberty men would willingly take or had already assumed.

I am not insensible to the force of arguments urged by Mr. Goodell and others, in favor of giving our party a more distinctly democratic character; but it seems to me that it is not necessary in order to do this that we should burden ourselves with all the issues made by the so-called Democratic party. Is it not enough that we show our principles to be truly democratic, and pledge ourselves to aply these principles to *all* matters of government and politics, making, however, the question of slavery, for the present, the test question, because it is in fact the paramount question of the day? I answer this quesion affirmatively. In fact, I act with and in the Liberty party, *only* because I regard the question of slavery as the present *paramount* question and **the** Liberty party does so also; and because, in my judgment, the Liberty party does, in good faith, seek to accomplish the proper aims of Christianized democracy.

Governor Seward, in his letter to us, asserts our question to be the paramount question in American politics. How can he act against us, when we alone represent his faith? I have sent to him today the two pamphlets which I send to you. I do wish he would absolve himself from the shackles of a party, no part of which can ever agree with him, without the party's resolving itself into two hostile divisions.

May we not hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in the West? No one would be more cordially greeted by us all than yourself,

Very truly and respectfully yours, etc.,

S. P. Chase.

The Liberty Party remained in existence for some twenty years. In 1848 Gerrit Smith was its candidate for President, against Martin Van Buren on the Democratic ticket, on which occasion the vote polled was 296,232, the largest vote a Liberty Party ticket ever drew. It achieved little directly. Nevertheless the party was of use as a reform organization. Its boldly declared principles strengthened the moral fiber of many individuals who did not act with it. The activity of its leaders, notably Mr. Smith, through the press and public speech, scattered seeds of freedom that were not lost. The Free Soil Party robbed it of its members and the Republicans their nobler principles. Many of the greatest accomplishments in all fields of endeavor come about through indirection, and thus the Liberty Party achieved its ends. The final manumission of the slaves was its delayed justification.

WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS!

When the cannon booms,
When the snare drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer time out on the pave,
It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe God is angry with the other man, our brother,
And has left the sword of Gideon in our wayward human hand,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the battle flags are fluttering and men are going mad
With the blind desire for glory,
Filled with visions grand and gory,
It is easy to assent
To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing creed;
It is easy to believe God is with the big battalions,
Whether cherubim or hellions,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the primal love of fighting stirs the tiger in our blood,
And the fascinating smell
Of the sulphur fumes of hell
Rouses memories of the pit from which our human nature rose,
It is easy to forget,
God was not found in the earthquake, in the strong wind or the fire;
It is easy to forget how at last the prophet heard Him,
As a still, small voice,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the war lords strut and swagger
And the battleships are plowing for the bitter crop of death,
While the shouting rends the ear
Echoing from the empyrean,
It is difficult to hear
Through the din the Gallilean
With his calm voice preaching peace on earth to men!
'Twill be easier to claim,
If we will, the Christian name,
To become as little children and be men of gentle will,
When the cannon booms,
The cannon booms no more.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

Novels are sweet. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clear, hard-headed men, judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney
288 Summit Ave.
ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN INDIA.

According to the latest returns quoted in the *Times*, the knowledge of English is spreading very rapidly in India, the total number of persons possessing it—seventeen million—being nearly 50 per cent greater than at the beginning of the century. Among the influential Parsis of the Western Presidency, one person in every three knows the English language. In regard to general literacy, the level attained is not very high, naturally, and the disproportion between the two sexes is still enormous, for while 106 out of every thousand of the male population are able to read and write, only 10 per thousand of the female population are able to do so. The census does not take account of the large number who can decipher the pages of a printed book—popular Hindu epics, or the Koran—with more or less difficulty. In Burma, where alone Buddhism prevails, and there is a system of free instruction in the monasteries, the percentage of literate individuals rises to 222 per thousand. Generally, education is more widely diffused in British areas than in the native states, and, although the Indian converts to Christianity are recruited mainly from the lowest castes, who are almost wholly illiterate, they have, in proportion to their numbers, three times as many literate persons as the Hindus, and more than four times as many as the Mahommedans. The overwhelming dependence of the people on the cultivation of the soil is one of the most striking facts brought out by the census, which states that more than 72 per cent are supported by "the exploitation of the surface of the earth." —*The Inquirer.*

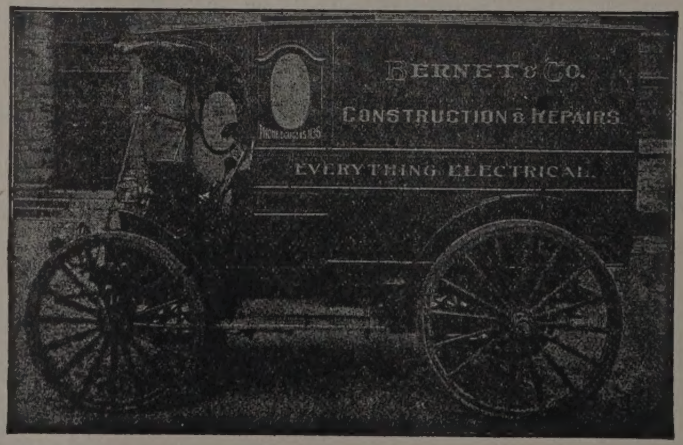
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

COLLEGE COURSES lead to Bachelors' Degrees.
HOME ECONOMICS Training Course for Teachers.
SEMINARY admits to Eastern and Western Colleges.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Piano, Voice, Violin, New Two-Manual Organ.
ART, ELOCUTION, ATHLETICS. Location combines advantages of city and country. For information specify College or Seminary catalogue. MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds
3852 Cottage Grove Ave. **Phone, Douglas 5962**

For the Lenten Season
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH
EVERYTHING IN THE FISH LINE
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
R. FRANZ
732-734 East 39th Street **Telephone, Douglas 7014**

Prompt Service



Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue **Phone, Drexel 1435**

This 75-cent Dinner for Four People Was Cooked in the Ovens of a "Composite" Range in 45 Minutes with 2½ cents Worth of Gas—

Menu

Potato Soup
Round Steak stuffed with Onions Beets with vinegar
Baked Squash Tapioca Pudding
Coffee

Directions: Squash should go in first to bake full 45 minutes in bake oven, soup may be cooked on bottom of upper oven in same manner and requires same time to cook as on top of stove. The steak with onion filling should be placed in baking pan with drippings and a little hot water — put meat in lower oven and allow it to cook 30 minutes, turn once while cooking. Tapioca should be soaked over night—allow plenty of milk for pudding and start to bake in baking oven at the time meat goes in lower oven; 15 minutes before taking out stir in yellow of egg and the sugar, using the white last for top coating—this will brown in few minutes. Beets served cold with vinegar.

This is one of many wholesome and inexpensive dinners described in our new book "Gas Oven Cooking" —which tells all about the modern system of oven cooking made possible by the

"Composite" Gas Range

Ask for This Book—It is now ready for free distribution at all of our branch stores and our big salesroom downtown. Branch stores are open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings till 9 o'clock.

The Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co.
Peoples Gas Building Telephone Randolph 4567

DREXEL STATE BANK
Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard
RESOURCES OVER $3,000,000.00
Your Account Invited

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Your Afternoon Frock

To look its best, should be carefully Dry Cleaned by our process, which is far superior to the ordinary cleaner.

In Our Plant

Each Garment is thoroughly Cleaned separately while the ordinary cleaner cleans from ten to seventy-five garments all at the same time and in the same batch.

Do you want your garments cleaned with other garments that you know nothing about?

Phone Drexel 231

Schumann & Company

OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

JONES

DAIRY FARM

Sausage

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Avenue
H. F. EGGERS
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES

FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Things Electrical

AT our Shop you will find displayed a variety of Electrical Devices for household use. They are conveniences that make housekeeping easier, cooking simpler and add greatly to the comfort and luxury of the home.

YOUR INSPECTION IS INVITED

TOASTERS
PERCOLATORS
ELECTRIC IRONS
CHAFING DISHES
WASHING MACHINES
VACUUM CLEANERS

ELECTRIC SHOP-CHICAGO
Jackson and Michigan Boulevards

308